EERIE 7

A WARREN MAGAZINE 35¢

EERIE

JAN. NO. 7

PDC

Within this magazine lurks a world of illustrated terror and suspense! Can you meet its fearful challenge beginning with "WITCHES' TIDE" on page 5?

HERE'S ANOTHER SLITHERING SELECTION FOR ALL YOU PATRONS OF THE BLACK ARTS... HAVE THE FIRST HAUNTED HOUSE ON YOUR BLOCK TO HANG THIS HORROR FROM...

EERIE'S MONSTER GALLERY!

NO. 6 -- THE HYDRA! TERRORIZING THE SWAMPLAND OF ANCIENT GREECE WAS THE LEGENDARY ***HYDRA***, A FEARFUL SERPENT POSSESSING NINE HEADS, ONE OF WHICH WAS IMMORTAL, WITH A POISONOUS BREATH FATAL TO MOST WHO VENTURED TOO CLOSE. FOR EACH OF ITS HEADS THAT MIGHT BE LOPPED OFF IN BATTLE, TWO MORE WOULD GROW IN ITS PLACE. EVEN THE MIGHTY HERCULES WAS HARD PUT AGAINST THE MONSTER, SUCCEEDING ONLY BY BURNING THE CUTAWAY STUMPS AND BURYING THE IMMORTAL HEAD UNDER A HUGE BOULDER!

ART BY GRAY MORROW

EERIE

NO. 7

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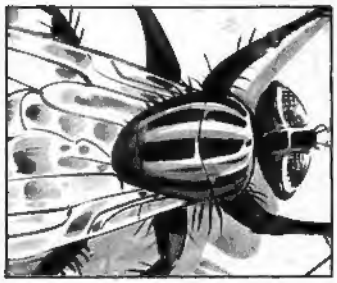

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DEAR COUSIN EERIE

Before I tell you how great your last TWO issues (5 & 6) were, I'd like to ask why in "Dear Cousin Eerie" of issue 6 all comments were on issue 4 instead of 5? In issue 5 the best stories were "The Mummy Stalks", "Black Magic" and "Dr. Griswold's File". The others were OK, but those were my favorites. In issue 6 the best were "Cave of the Druids", "Deep Ruby" and "Curse of Kali". The covers were great on both. Oops, looks like I used WERE 7 times . . . Anyway, I knew my WEREwolf identity wouldn't last forever.

John Burbage
Miami, Florida

An accelerated summer schedule had issue No. 6 going to the printer before issue No. 5 went on sale, Johnny, so there was nothing to do but use more letters on issue No. 4. We'll use letters of comment on both 5 & 6 this month. —CE

Issue No. 6 was about your best issue except for one thing —Archie Goodwin wrote just about the whole magazine . . . He writes OK but let's have a little variety, huh?

Edwin Morley
North Fork, California

I'll have to see some of Mr. Variety's scripts before I can say if I'll use him, Edwin! Seriously, if you look closely in various issues, you'll see scripts by Otto Binder, Ron Parker, Carl Wessler and others.—CE

issue 6 of EERIE was the first of your magazines I had purchased, I was especially interested in the last story of the issue, "The Changeling". My name, like the kid's in the story, is also Donald Hazeltine! No kidding! Anyhow, you have made a fan for life, and one of these days, I hope to join your staff of artists. How ABOUT that!

Don Hazeltine
Tacoma, Washington

That's fine with me, Don, I just hope you didn't show your mother how that story ended! —CE

I just grabbed up EERIE No. 5 today, with the fine cover by Frazetta making it jump up from all the rest of the trash lining the mag rack. I must say, it is a great improvement over your rather slow No. 4 issue. Good to see your imagination has been revived. The stories this ish were short, but ghoulishly sweet. Krenkel and Goodwin's script for "The Mummy Stalks" had a refreshing tang to it; the yarn was a real uprooter! Thank Lucifer, you finally have Al Williamson present to pen "The Jungle" —A truly tangled mat of horror. Ditko's "Black Magic" was nice, very dark and bewitching; to be followed by Colan's "A Matter of Routine", and nothing could have been madder than this routine . . .

Rich Hauser
Chicago, Illinois

"Cave of the Druids" was a typical EERIE masterpiece. I didn't care much for "Deep Ruby" but you sure picked the right artist for it. Art or story wise, I didn't go much for "Running Scared". Now, "Curse of Kali" was up to par, but still lagged short of your cover story. "Trial by Fire" was good. I think I recognize Jay Taycee's artwork from another company. Did he ever draw under another name? "Point of View" was good and so was "The Changeling". All in all, it was a pretty good issue. Oh yes, your cover was perfect.

Edna Peden
Dalton, Georgia

As many of you FIENDISH FANS have already guessed, "Jay Taycee" has been the pseudonym for terror-iffically talented artist AND writer, JOHNNY CRAIG, whose latest creation "The Defense Rests" appears on page 26. John's art, scripting, and editing of "The Vault of Horror", as well as many appearances in other of the EC line made him a fear favorite in the fifties, and judging from the writhing responses we've been getting from all of you rabid readers, Johnny's work is doing it all over again now!—CE

Congratulations to your new writer Carl Wessler. I've just finished reading "Dr. Griswold's File" in EERIE 5 and the drawing and plot were magnificent.

I think your stories are getting better. Keep up the good work and I'll keep buying EERIE. It makes a good flyswatter when you're done reading it.

Jeff Krause
Rudyard, Montana

If you think my mag's good, wait'll you read CREEPY . . . Skindome's rag makes a good flyswatter BEFORE you're done reading it!—CE

I've just finished reading EERIE No. 5. It was great! "The Mummy Stalks" was the best, I think. The art by Reed Crandall was the best I've ever seen in any comic . . . My compliments to the EERIE staff and give my regards to Uncle Creepy.

Dennis Goodreau
Manchester, N.H.

I wouldn't GIVE anything to ol' Unc, but maybe I can sell them to him.—CE

As a practicing warlock, I was aghast at "Trial by Fire" in EERIE No. 6. Any idiot knows that "Rega Flexis Mur" is the spell used to turn a rioting crowd into rats! The spell to cause heart attacks is, of course, "Moros Dega Prex". Please, for the sake of the warlocks of America, keep these errors out of your otherwise great magazine!

Mickey Gaither
Ellicott City, Maryland

Correct, Mickey— When used by WARLOCKS. But the person reciting the spells was a WITCH, and, as has no doubt slipped your mind, the spells are always reversed when employed by the ladies!—CE

. . . Steve Ditko is doing the best art of his career for you— as I am sure you know. Angelo Torres did VERY good work on "The Swamp God" in Eerie No. 5, and I wish he would use that technique more often. Where is Alexander Toth? He, Ditko, and John Severin are your best artists, and I would like to see him EVERY issue.

Although most of your scripts are very good, I was disappointed by "Swamp God". I thought from the cover that it would be an adventure story. Will you publish some REAL adventure stories? Keep up the good work!

Kermit E. Long
Long Beach, California

It must be great owning your own beach in California, Kermit! As for Terrifying Toth, we'd like to see more of his weird work ourselves and perhaps in the future he'll be back in the mausoleum molding the macabre.—CE

I finally got around to buying one of your mags, and was happy to discover I hadn't wasted my 35 cents. The best story in No. 5 was undoubtedly "A Matter of Routine", with "Dr. Griswold's File" running a close second. The other stories were all good and fairly original. Your artists are excellent. Gray Morrow is just as good at illustrating in your mag as he is in Amazing and Fantastic. Frank Frazetta is my favorite artist. He did beautiful work on the covers of Ace books and he's still up to par . . .

John E.
Salt Lake City, Utah

I have one suggestion . . . It would be better to put "Eerie's Monster Gallery" on a page with nothing written on the back of it. That way we would be able to cut the pictures out and hang them on the walls of our caves without cutting up part of the cover . . .

Frank Cheeseman
Corner Brook, Newfoundland

Not a bad suggestion, Frank, but you don't understand our startling strategy . . . We keep "Monster Gallery" where it is so you can buy TWO copies of my ghoulish gazette. One for cutting and one for your collection. Our stories aren't the only thing about us that's fiendish!—CE

This is more like it! After a slight, but noticeable deterioration in some of your stories in issues 4 and 5, you are finally back to the quality which I associate with your mags. The cover was no less than fastastic. I especially enjoyed the coloring—green and red are very shocking. "The Cave of the Druids" was one of your best tales. Pure fantasy! And Reed Crandall's art really complemented the scripting. Steve Ditko, my favorite artist, is at last being assigned stories which suit his "somewhat different" style. Mystic dimensions are his forte . . .

Rick Roe
Fort Wayne, Indiana

Want to write us? Address your poison pen letters to: EERIE LETTERS, Dept. 7, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017

BY EUGENE COLAN/SCRIPT BY ARCHIE GOODWIN

THE TOWNSPEOPLE BUNCHED TIGHTLY IN THEIR RING, BUT EACH PERSON WAS A SEPARATE UNIVERSE...AN ISLAND OF THEIR OWN THOUGHTS. MILES CURTIS GRIMACED IN THE FLAMES' HEAT AND THOUGHT BACK TO THE DAY THE HORROR BEGAN FOR HIM... AND ALL GREY COVE!
YOU SURE 'BOUT THIS, MILES? GOT A GOOD LOOK DID YOU? MAN DRINKS LIKE YOU WERE LAST NIGHT SOMETIMES MAKES MISTAKES NEXT MORNIN'...
LORD, LEW! I WISH IT WERE A MISTAKE! ALL THREE OF THEM FISHERMEN FROM THE CITY I RENTED THE PLACE TO... H-HORRIBLE!
POLICE
OH, MY GOD!
MY LITTLE GIRL HAD A RAG DOLL ONCE... GOT MAD AND RIPPED IT APART... T-THESE MEN... JUST LIKE RAG DOLLS!
LOT OF PUDDLES ON THE FLOOR... SALT-WATER, SAND...
AND SOME FUNNY MARKIN'S ON THE BEACH AROUND THE SHACK...NO FOOT-PRINTS! IT DOESN'T SEEM POSSIBLE... NONE OF IT! N-NOT FOR HUMANS! HOW CAN IT BE, LEW? HOW?
I'M JUSTA DEPUTY SHERIFF, MILES. THREE TIMES A YEAR I CATCH A SPEEDER ...IF I'M LUCKY! I'M OVER MY HEAD WITH THIS...HEY! WHO'S THE SIGHTSEER?
LOOKS LIKE THE MAGNUS GIRL... LIVES WITH THE WHITBYS. DOES HOUSE-KEEPIN' FOR 'EM...
...GUESS SHE SAW THE AMBULANCE AND DECIDED TO TAKE A LOOK.

THE RAIN KEPT ITS STEADY PACE AND THE FIRE FLARED BRIGHTLY. NEWSPAPER EDITOR AVERY SUMMERS GAVE IN TO ITS HYPNOTIC AFFECT, LETTING HIS MIND DRIFT...
TWO MORE PLACES LAST NIGHT, LEW? WIPED OUT...NO ONE LEFT! I-IT'S MONSTROUS! YOU'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING FAST, LEW! IF YOU DON'T, THERE'S PLENTY OF OUTRAGED CITIZENS WHO WILL!
BRING ME THOSE BACK ISSUES I WAS CHECKING!
SO FAR IT'S JUST BEEN OUTLYING CABINS AND SHACKS, BUT EACH KILLING SEEMS TO REACH CLOSER AND CLOSER TO TOWN...
HERE IT IS! TWENTY YEARS AGO...ALMOST TO THE DAY! SAME STUFF GOING ON!
THEY HAD SOME MANIAC RUNNING AMOK THEN?
MORE THAN A MANIAC... THEY THOUGHT THEY HAD A WITCH! ACCUSED A WOMAN OF USING SPELLS TO SUMMON DEMONS FROM THE SEA TO KILL...ACTUALLY BROUGHT HER TO TRIAL!
WHAT'S MORE, THE ACCUSED ADMITTED IT! HAD A STROKE AND DIED CURSING GREY COVE, VOWING TO DESTROY IT. THERE WAS TALK OF BURNING THE BODY TO BREAK THE SPELL, BUT THE JUDGE CALLED IT POPPYCOCK...
YOU DON'T BELIEVE THERE'S ANYTHING TO IT, DO YOU? HOW COULD A WITCH CARRY ON A CURSE AFTER BEING DEAD TWENTY YEARS? MR. SUMMERS...?
STAR NEWS
GOOD LOOKING GIRL, HUH? SARAH MAGNUS! WHITBYS' RAISED HER... MUST'VE BEEN TOUGH FOR HER, BEING AN ORPHAN...
PERHAPS NOT. HER MOTHER WAS THE WITCH!

AS THE FLAMES FED ON THEIR DREADFUL FUEL, SO DID VIOLA WHITBY'S ANGER FEED ON THE SIGHT ... ANGER, AND ANGUISH... FROM THE TOO RECENT PAST...
I TELL YOU I HEARD NOISES... STRANGE NOISES... FROM SARAH'S ROOM! YOU'D BEST LOOK, CLEM... AND BE CAREFUL!
LORDY, WOMAN! THE GIRL'S PROBABLY JUST COMIN' IN FROM A DATE... I'VE GOT THE GUN, HAVEN'T I?
ALL THESE TERRIBLE KILLINGS... SARAH WOULDN'T GO OUT WITH SUCH THINGS HAPPENING ... SHE C-COULDN'T!
CLEM! WHAT'S HAPPENING? CLEM! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? SAY SOMETHING!
C-CLEM?
KAPOW POW!
GYAHHHHHHH!
EEEEEEEEEEEEEEE

HANDS CLENCHING AND UNCLENCHING, DOC HASBROOK COLDLY APPRAISED THE WORK OF THE FIRE...HORRIBLE, BUT NECESSARY... AS EACH THOUGHT CONTINUED TO REMIND HIM...
SARAH! I NEARLY RAN YOU DOWN! WHAT'RE YOU DOING OUT? HAVEN'T YOU HEARD ABOUT CLEM? SARAH! STOP!
PLEASE, DOCTOR! LEAVE ME ALONE! THERE'S SOMETHING I MUST DO!
YOU DON'T REALIZE WHAT YOU'RE SAYING! DEPUTY HOAD CALLED ME... HE AND HIS VOLUNTEERS WERE ABLE TO SAVE VIOLA, BUT CLEM'S BEEN KILLED!
THEN IT'S TOO LATE FOR ME TO DO ANYTHING ... THIS IS MORE IMPORTANT! LET ME GO!
SARAH! THE WHITBYS GAVE YOU A HOME... RAISED YOU AFTER YOUR MOTHER DIED... RAISED YOU WHEN MOST OF THE COMMUNITY WAS AFRAID TO EVEN LOOK AT THE DAUGHTER OF... OF... A WITCH!
AND YOU'RE NO BETTER THAN ANY OF THE REST OF THEM, ARE YOU?! WELL, I DON'T CARE ANY MORE! AFTER TONIGHT, YOU'LL KNOW! KNOW FOR SURE!
NOW TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF ME, DOCTOR HASBROOK. DO... AS... I... SAY!
WHAT TH-- I-I CAN'T MOVE! PARALYZED! HOW..?
SHE'S RUNNING OFF TOWARD THE SEA... JUST LIKE HER MOTHER USED TO DO!

UNEASINESS CLUTCHED AT DEPUTY LEW HOAD... THIS WAS BEYOND LAW ENFORCEMENT, IT WAS MOB ACTION. YET AFTER WHAT HE HAD SEEN THIS NIGHT, HOW COULD HE OPPOSE IT?
T-THEM THINGS THAT ATTACKED WHITBYS' SEEMED TO HAVE COME FROM THIS WAY... RAIN MAKES TRACKIN' HARD...
HOLD IT! LISTEN... AROUND THE BEND, ABOVE THE STORM... SOMEONE'S SHOUTING! A GIRL!
SARAH MAGNUS!
SUMMONING UP THAT DEMON'S SPAWN!!

FILTHY MURDERIN' WITCH! I'LL END THE DEVIL'S BUSINESS... NOW!
STOP! IT'S NOT UP TO US! THE LAW SHOULD...
BLAM
SPANG
THE SEA'S GOTTEN CALMER... THOSE T-THINGS HAVE... DISAPPEARED! THE MINUTE SHE DIED...
WHY NOT, LEW... WE GOT RID OF THEIR CAUSE DIDN'T WE? AND THIS TIME WE AIN'T MAKIN' THE MISTAKE THE LAW MADE TWENTY YEARS AGO!
ONLY SURE WAY TO BREAK A WITCH'S POWER IS BY BURNIN'! THEY DIDN'T DO IT TO SARAH'S MOTHER AN' LOOK WHAT HAPPENED...
THIS TIME WE'LL DO IT, AN' THERE AIN'T A SOUL IN GREY COVE WHO'D SPEAK TO STOP IT!
NOW IT WAS OVER. THE INFERNO HAD BECOME PHANTOM WISPS OF SMOKE BEING EXTINGUISHED BY INCREASING RAIN. THE CITIZENS OF GREY COVE FELT AN AWARENESS OF EACH OTHER, THEIR MUTUAL CLOSENESS, AND EVEN A TINGE OF SHAME...
YAHHHHHHHHHH!!
WHO IS IT? WHAT'S HAPPENING?

AS A BODY THEY TURNED TO THE SOUND OF HORROR AND AS A BODY THEY WERE POUNDED WITH REVULSION AT THE VAST PULSATING WAVE OF SLITHERING, GROPING MONSTROSITY...
THE T-THINGS... HOW COULD THEY COME BACK ... IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!
THE CURSE SHOULD HAVE BEEN BROKEN AFTER BURNING THE BODY! UNLESS...
...IT WASN'T SARAH WHO SENT THE SEA CREATURES AGAINST GREY COVE...
...SHE WAS USING HER WITCH'S POWER TO HALT HER MOTHER'S SPELL...
...AND SUCCEEDED JUST BEFORE BEING SHOT! HER WITCHCRAFT DROVE THE MONSTERS BACK INTO THE SEA...
...AND WE SET THEM FREE AGAIN BY BURNING SARAH MAGNUS!
STEADILY AND UNCEASINGLY AS THE NOW HARD-DRIVING RAIN, CAME THE LOATHSOME DEMON TIDE OF SQUIRMING DEATH, SWEEPING ALL IN ITS TENTACLED PATH, THE SCREAMS OF ITS VICTIMS ALL BUT DROWNING OUT LEW HOAD'S LAST WORDS AND GREY COVE'S EPITAPH...
AT LEAST SARAH TAUGHT THE CITIZENS OF GREY COVE A LESSON... THAT THERE ARE BAD WITCHES AND GOOD... I THINK THEY CAUGHT ON JUST A LITTLE TOO LATE, BUT IT'S STILL A NICE RESORT TOWN... IF YOU'RE A SEA MONSTER,/ AND YOU MONSTERS WILL WANT TO SEA MY NEXT SCREAM STORY...

PRESS FORWARD, MERRY MONSTERS... PUSH OVER THE UNDERBRUSH (OR IS IT, UNDER THE OVERBRUSH?) UNTIL WE REACH THE DESOLATE SPOT WHERE I'VE ARRANGED AN APPOINTMENT FOR YOU WITH...

IT THAT LURKS!

DARK AND MURKY, COATED WITH SLIME, THE POOL LIES DEEP IN THE JUNGLE, RESTING IN A SHADOWED AREA SURROUNDED BY ANCIENT MOSS COATED ROCKS...

STAGNANT AND DEEP, IT NESTLES AGELESSLY, A DOT OF BLACK LIQUID AMID MILES OF DENSE GREEN FOLIAGE, EVEN AS IT MUST HAVE SINCE PREHISTORY...

UNCHANGED AND UNSPOILED, IT WAITS, NURTURING UNKNOWN HORROR BENEATH A PLACID SURFACE, TO BE THRUST FORTH ON THE UNSUSPECTING AND UNPREPARED!

ADKINS

ART BY DAN ADKINS/SCRIPT BY ARCHIE GOODWIN

SUCH ARE MY THOUGHTS AS I CLING UNBELIEVINGLY TO THE BINOCULARS, WITH MOIST PALMS, BUT MY THROAT IS TOO TIGHTLY CONSTRICTED WITH EXCITEMENT FOR MORE THAN A CHOKED WHISPER TO DR. SERNAS OF...
..MY GOD!
WAS I WRONG, RAMSEY? ISN'T IT EVERYTHING I SAID IT TO BE?
CAN YOU COMPREHEND WHAT THIS MEANS TO ME AS A NATURLIST? AN UNDISCOVERED SPECIES! IT'S SOMETHING YOU DREAM ABOUT...ONE OF THE MAIN PURPOSES IN THE EXPEDITION COMING TO THIS AREA... AND I'VE DONE IT!
I STILL CAN'T BRING MYSELF TO SPEAK. YOU WHO HAVE READ MY BOOKS KNOW OF MY HUNTING EXPERIENCES, OF THE WIDE VARIETY OF WILD LIFE I'VE STALKED... YET, THIS... THIS THING INSPIRES A FEAR AND AWE IN ME BEYOND BELIEF...
THERE WAS SOMETHING ABOUT THIS POOL WHEN I STUMBLED ON IT YESTERDAY...I KNEW IT HAD TO HOLD SOME SECRET...AND WHEN I SAW...
...UNTIL I CAN NO LONGER STAND LOOKING!
BUT WHY BRING JUST ME, DOCTOR? THE WHOLE CAMP SHOULD BE OUT FOR THIS... WHAT CAN THE TWO OF US DO?
WE CAN CARTURE IT, RAMSEY! YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE ON THE EXPEDITION WITH THE ABILITY TO DO IT!
THIS IS LOADED WITH TRANQUILIZING PELLETS... YOU CAN DOWN IT! I KNOW YOU CAN!
DOCTOR, THAT CREATURE'S BEYOND OUR REALM OF EXPERIENCE... WHO KNOWS WHAT CAN OR CAN'T AFFECT IT...

THE EXPEDITION IS ALL BUT CONCLUDED, READY TO STRIKE CAMP... WITH THE END IN SIGHT, WHY SHOULD I TAKE UNNECESSARY RISKS, ESPECIALLY AGAINST A QUANTITY SO UNKNOWN AS THIS...

...WE'RE GOING TO NEED ALL THE OTHERS BEFORE WE TACKLE THAT THING!

RAMSEY, TRY TO UNDERSTAND... I MADE THE DISCOVERY, THE MOMENT SHOULD BE MINE ALONE! ALL MY LIFE I'VE HAD TO SETTLE FOR BITS AND PIECES OF THE GLORY...

I ACHE TO BE OUT OF HERE, BACK IN CIVILIZATION, YET IT DOESN'T COMPARE TO THIS PITIFUL, DRIVING NEED OF SERNAS...

RISING OUT OF THAT POOL IS THE FULFILLMENT OF EVERY HOPE I EVER HAD...DON'T MAKE ME SHARE SOMETHING AS IMPORTANT AS THAT!

ALL RIGHT, DOCTOR. I JUST HOPE THAT MONSTER LURKING OUT THERE IS AS BIG A PUSHOVER AS I AM!

THAT SCALY HIDE LOOKED TOUGH, WE CAN'T RISK A SHOT FROM HERE... WE'LL HAVE TO GET CLOSER... MUCH CLOSER...

NOW A BURST OF SWEAT DRENCHES MY BODY. IT IS NOT THE TROPICAL HEAT... IT'S THE NERVOUS TENSION OF THE HUNT! THE BIGGEST HUNT ANYONE COULD MAKE...

...ONLY TO HAVE IT CROWDED OUT BY THE SINGLE-MINDED FERVOR AND IMMEDIACY OF DR. SERNAS'S MISSION. HIS MOMENT OF TRIUMPH IS AT HAND... IF I CAN GAIN IT FOR HIM!

AS WE MOVE SILENTLY THROUGH THE VERDANT UNDERGROWTH, MY OWN THOUGHTS REEL WITH WHAT IS MOST IMPORTANT TO ME... I SEE MY WIFE SMILING, LAUGHING... I SMELL HER PERFUME, SENSE HER WARMTH AND CLOSENESS...

HERE! IT'LL HAVE TO BE FROM HERE!

THE JUNGLE IS WITHOUT SOUND. THERE IS NO BREEZE. EVERYTHING IS PERFECTLY STILL, IT HAS BEEN SINCE THAT SHINY REPTILIAN HEAD BROKE THE POOL'S MURKY SURFACE. THERE IS ONLY MY BREATHING, MUCH TOO FAST... I TREMBLE SLIGHTLY, LIKE A NOVICE LINING UP HIS FIRST KILL...
JUST ONE, SERNAS... ONE IS ALL WE'LL HAVE TIME FOR...
THERE IS NOT EVEN A RIPPLE ON THAT BLACK, STAGNANT WATER, THE MONSTER IS PERFECTLY STILL, AS THOUGH IT WERE AWARE OF OUR PRESENCE AND COULDN'T CARE LESS, NOW THE GREAT HEAD SLOWLY TURNS TOWARD US...
NOW, RAMSEY, NOW!
SERNAS! SHUT UP!

PA-KOW!
YOU GOT HIM! YOU GOT HIM!

THERE IS NO CRY, NO SCREAM. NO THUNDEROUS BELLOW OF A STRICKEN GIANT. ONLY A SOFT BUBBLING AS THE HUGE BULK SUBMERGES INTO THE INKY DEPTHS...

RAMSEY! IT'S SINKING! GOING COMPLETELY UNDER!

I WON'T LET IT! NOT AFTER ALL THESE YEARS... IT CAN'T! IT CAN'T!

SERNAS, YOU FOOL! YOU CAN'T STOP IT! THE TRANQUILIZER MAY WEAR OFF... COME BACK!

SERNAS IS A MAN POSSESSED. INSANELY, HE FLAILS INTO THE SLIME-RIDDEN SURFACE, CLUTCHING AND GRASPING AT THE DISAPPEARING MONSTROSITY... IMMERSING HIMSELF FURTHER AND FURTHER INTO THE EBONY DEPTHS...

THE DISCOVERY OF AN AGE! MY DREAM! IT MUSTN'T BE LOST...

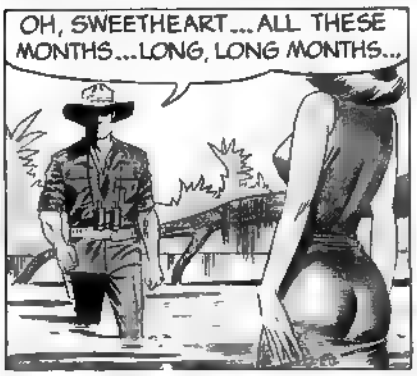
...AND TO MY HORROR I REALIZE THE SINKING BEHEMOTH CARRIES THE DOCTOR ALONG WITH HIM...

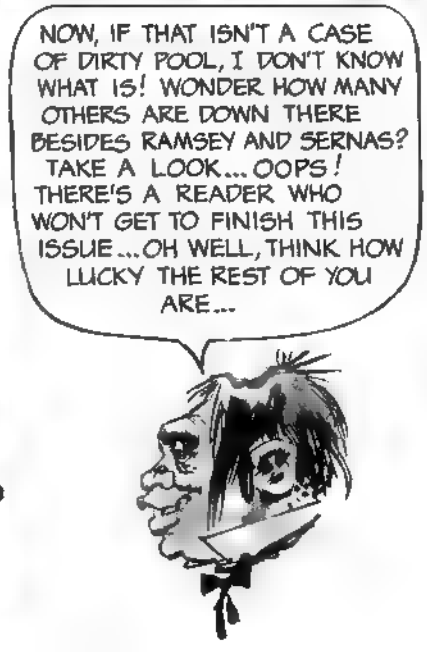
...MUSTN'T ...BE LOST!

EXCEPT FOR SOME SLOW DYING BUBBLES, THE POOL BECAME AS I HAD FIRST SEEN IT, NESTLING AGELESSLY, UNCHANGED AND UNSPOILED...

SERNAS... GOOD LORD!

THE WATER IS COLD, AND THE TUG AND PULL OF THE MOSS AND SLIME IS UNPLEASANT BUT I SMELL HER PERFUME, REVEL IN THE WARMTH OF HER VOICE, AND NEED HER TOO MUCH TO STOP BUT WITH EACH FATAL STEP, THE FULL TRUTH SLOWLY COMES TO ME...





TIME NOW FOR A LITTLE TERROR TRIP, TOMB TRAVELERS, AS WE UNDERTAKE A WRETCHED RIDE GUARANTEED TO DRIVE YOU MAD (AS IF MOST OF YOU LITTLE MONSTERS WEREN'T ALREADY) ... FASTEN YOUR SEAT BELTS AS WE HIT THE HIGHWAY TO...

HITCHHIKE HORROR!

NIGHT AND THE HIGHWAY STRETCH ON ENDLESSLY THE WINDSHIELD WIPERS, THE DRIVING RAIN, THE TIRES ON WET ASPHALT, ALL HAVE THEIR OWN MONOTONOUS RHYTHM, ALL CONSPIRE TO DRIVE YOUR RED-RIMMED, SLEEP-HUNGRY EYES SHUT... IF ONLY YOU HAD SOME COMPANY, SOMEONE TO TALK TO, KEEP YOU AWAKE... ANYONE.

AND THEN YOU SEE HIM!

ART BY HECTOR CASTELLON SCRIPT BY ARCHIE GOODWIN

EVEN AS THE RAIN-DRENCHED FIGURE SLIDES INTO THE SEAT BESIDE YOU, YOU REGRET STOPPING. THE SOFT LIGHT FROM THE DASH PLAYS EERILY OVER A GAUNT, SULLEN FACE STREAKED WITH DIRT. GLAZED EYES PEER FROM DEEP WITHIN DARK HOLLOWS, MAKING YOU FEEL CHILL AND UNCOMFORTABLE... YET, IT'S DONE. YOU SHRUG AND MAKE THE BEST OF IT...
YOU REALLY PICKED A ROTTEN NIGHT TO BE OUT, THAT RAIN'S TERRIBLE! LUCKY I CAME ALONG...
YES, VERY LUCKY!
THERE ARE NO WORDS OF THANKS. HE SITS SILENTLY, STARING INTO THE DARKNESS AND THE RAIN. HIS QUIET PRESENCE NAGS AT YOU, FORCING YOU TO SPEAK...
ER... GUESS YOU HAD SOME CAR TROUBLE... HAD TO LEAVE IT SOME PLACE?
NO. I WAS WALKING.
HIS FLAT ABRUPT ANSWERS STIFFLE CONVERSATION. MILES CREEP SLOWLY BY, AND THE SILENCE SCREAMS AT YOU...
STORM'S BEEN CAUSING A LOT OF STATIC, BUT MAYBE I CAN GET SOME MUSIC!
CLICK
.. SEARCH CONTINUES FOR ARTHUR WHITLOW, WHO ESCAPED THIS MORNING FROM THE STATE INSANE ASYLUM, FATALLY STABBING TWO GUARDS WITH A STOLEN BUTCHER KNIFE! WHITLOW HAD BEEN COMMITTED TWO MONTHS PREVIOUSLY FOR THE MANIACAL SLAUGHTER OF NINE PEOPLE BEFORE HIS APPREHENSION...
... WHITLOW IS A THIN MAN WITH DARK HAIR, OF MEDIUM HEIGHT. ANY INFORMA --- CLICK!
WE DON'T WANT TO LISTEN TO THAT

SILENCE SETTLES AGAIN LIKE AN ENVELOPING SHROUD. THE SOUNDS OF THE STORM AND THE CAR SEEM AMPLIFIED BY IT. YOUR GRIP ON THE WHEEL BECOMES MOIST AND CLAMMY... YOUR THROAT PARCHED AND DRY...

YOU DRIVE ON, MORE AND MORE BLACK, WET PAVEMENT SLIPPING BENEATH THE WHINING TREAD OF YOUR TIRES. THE MAN BESIDE YOU STILL STARING COLDLY AHEAD, SILENT AND BROODING...

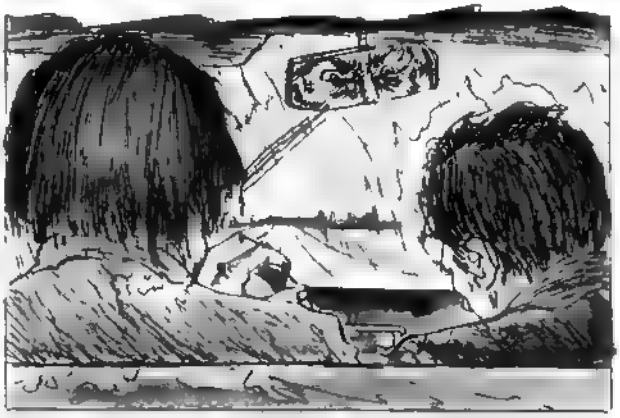
AN ECHO OF THE MONOTONE VOICE RINGS IN YOUR EARS, YOU CURSE YOURSELF FOR EVER HAVING PICKED THE MAN UP YOUR HEART POUNDS YOU WERE STUPID TO HARP ON THE NEWS BROADCAST, YOU TRY SOMETHING ELSE...

NOTHING MORE COMES TO YOU. YOU CONCENTRATE ON THE NIGHT AHEAD. THE WHITE DIVIDING LINE REACHING ENDLESSLY FORWARD... THE STACCATO THUMP OF THE WINDSHIELD WIPERS... FEAR EBBS, YOU BEGIN TO BLINK... YOUR HEAD NODS, GROWS HEAVY... IT WOULD BE SO PLEASANT JUST TO FALL...

...*ASLEEP!* YOU'RE FALLING ASLEEP! WE NEARLY WENT OFF THE ROAD! BETTER LET ME TAKE THE WHEEL... YOU HEAR? I'LL DRIVE!

WHA... OH... MUST'VE DOZED...

YOU FEEL TOO TIRED, TOO EXHAUSTED TO RESIST. SURELY IF THERE WERE DANGER, SOMETHING WOULD HAVE HAPPENED BEFORE NOW, WHEN YOU FIRST PICKED HIM UP, WHEN THE ESCAPE NEWS WAS BROADCAST. HE SLIDES PAST YOU, AND ONCE AGAIN YOU DRIFT INTO UNEASY SLEEP VAGUELY CONSCIOUS OF THE CAR'S CONTINUOUS MOTION ON THE HIGHWAY...



...UNTIL, *IT ABRUPTLY CHANGES!*

WHAT? WHAT'S HAPPENING? WE'RE NOT ON THE HIGHWAY! WHAT'RE YOU DOING? WHERE ARE WE? *WHERE?*

AND WITH A SUDDEN FLASH OF LIGHTNING, YOU HAVE YOUR ANSWER, EVEN AS THE FLAT DEADLY VOICE BESIDE YOU INTONES...

...THIS IS AS FAR AS WE GO!

YOU MOVE FRANTICALLY, WITHOUT PLAN, WITHOUT THOUGHT, ONLY WITH DESPERATION...YOUR WEIGHT SLAMS AGAINST THE DOOR AND RAINDROPS PELT YOU AS THE MUDDY GRAVE YARD SOD RUSHES UP TO MEET YOUR FALLING BODY...

BLINDLY YOU PLUNGE THROUGH THE RAIN-SOAKED MIRE AND STORMLASHED BLACKNESS OF THE CEMETERY UNTIL A LIGHTNING STREAK'S WHITE HOT BRILLIANCE REVEALS THERE IS NO PLACE LEFT TO RUN!

THERE IS NO TIME TO GO AROUND, YOU CAN ONLY TURN AND MEET THE ONRUSHING THREAT, THRUSTING YOUR HAND INSIDE YOUR JACKET TO WITHDRAW FROM YOUR BELT...

THE KNIFE YOU STOLE FROM THE ASYLUM KITCHEN, ***THE BUTCHER KNIFE YOU PLUNGED INTO TWO GUARDS TO MAKE YOUR ESCAPE!!***

NOW, AS YOU HAVE SO MANY TIMES IN THE PAST, YOU LASH OUT WITH THE GLEAMING STEEL, JAMMING IT INTO THE FLESH BEFORE YOU, SLASHING, STABBING, PLUNGING AGAIN AND AGAIN! UNTIL YOUR RAIN-WHIPPED FACE IS RE-DRENCHED IN SWEAT, YOUR ARM ACHES AND GROWS TIRED, AND YOU REALIZE...

...IT HASN'T HAD ANY EFFECT WHATSOEVER!

YOU POOR FOOL! YOU STILL HAVEN'T GUESSED... STILL DON'T REMEMBER! I WAS SENT AFTER YOU THE MINUTE YOU ESCAPED... LUCKILY, YOU MET HALFWAY IN THE CAR! THE OTHERS DECIDED ON ME SINCE...

...I WAS THE LAST OF YOUR VICTIMS BEFORE YOU WERE PUT AWAY!!

LITTLE BY LITTLE MUD AND OOZE FALLS ON TOP OF YOU, SLOWLY BUT SURELY OVERWHELMING AND COVERING YOU AS YOU STRUGGLE IN VAIN IN THE IRON GRASP OF THE THING BESIDE YOU... AND AS YOU SHRIEK IN FEAR AND HORROR, YOU CAN ONLY WONDER WHAT POSSESSED YOU TO PICK HIM UP, WHAT MADE YOU GIVE HIM A LIFT... ***YOU MUST HAVE BEEN MAD!***

HEH, HEH! LOOKS LIKE ARTHUR'S ***COVERING UP*** HIS ESCAPE THE HARD WAY! IF THIS LITTLE GOODY WAS TOO ***GRAVE*** FOR YOU, THEN MAYBE YOU BETTER ***DIG*** MY NEXT BIT OF NAUSEOUS NONSENSE!

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HEE HEE! MAY IT PLEASE THE COURT, (THAT'S YOU), AT THIS TIME I SHOULD LIKE TO CALL ATTENTION TO THE FOLLOWING STORY WHICH, ESPECIALLY ON THE STROKE OF MIDNIGHT, WILL WILFULLY AND WITH MALICE AFORETHOUGHT, RENDER FEAR AND TERROR INTO THE HEARTS OF ALL WHO READ IT!

THE DEFENSE RESTS!

THE SMALL BUT PRETENTIOUS CIVIC HALL IS FILLED TO OVERFLOWING. LYDIA ALBRITTON, SINGING SENSATION OF THE ENGLISH THEATRE, IS ON TOUR THROUGH EUROPE AND THIS NIGHT HAS COME TO THE TINY NORTH GERMAN TOWN OF BRUDENHEIM.

MAYOR HERMAN BRUDENHEIM IS BY FAR THE MOST IMPORTANT MAN IN THE ENTIRE DISTRICT. OWNING ALMOST ALL THE LAND IN TOWN AND MUCH OF THE SURROUNDING COUNTRYSIDE, HE FANCIES HIMSELF QUITE THE DASHING LADIES-MAN... AND THE LOVELY LYDIA ALBRITTON HAS MORE THAN CAUGHT HIS FANCY.

ART AND SCRIPT BY JOHNNY CRAIG

In truth, any success he has had with the daughters of the town's families is due to the power he wields over the girls' fathers who, lacking moral fibre, have allowed themselves to be subjugated to win his favor.

In the same audience, and entranced to no less a degree than the mayor, but only able to afford standing room, is Andrew Prescott, by choice a political English exile, who has been practicing law in the town for several years.

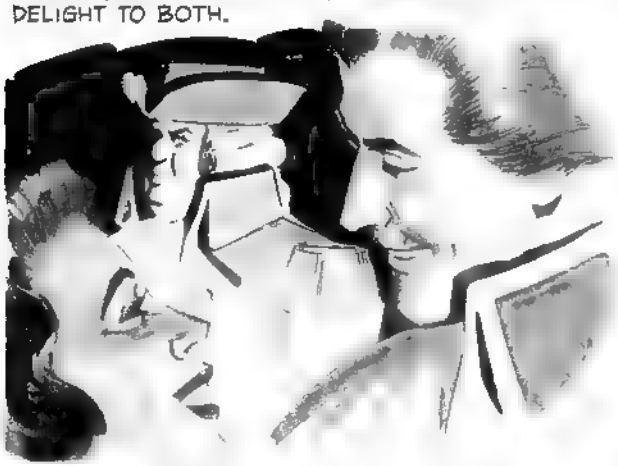
Possessing all the requirements for a brilliant career, he nonetheless remains but a moderately successful representative of the peasants and middle classes who respect him for his refusal to lick the bootstraps of the mayor.

This refusal has not only earned him the hatred of the mayor and his social-climbing friends, but has also won him a very difficult time in court while trying a case and his list of failures far outweighs his list of triumphs, for in this town of Brudenheim, the mayor is also judge of the court.

At the close of her enchanting performance, Lydia Albritton is introduced to the mayor who in his fawning manner invites her to his home to attend a ball he is giving in her honor.

Graciously, she accepts the invitation, and as the mayor pompously leads her to his carriage, Andrew Prescott steps forth from the crowd to extend his compliments to the actress.

IN THE PRESENCE OF THE TOWNSPEOPLE THE MAYOR IS TOLERANT OF THIS INTRUSION, BUT IT DEVELOPS THAT THE LAWYER AND THE ACTRESS HAD KNOWN EACH OTHER IN ENGLAND AND THIS REUNION IS A DELIGHT TO BOTH.



SO PLEASED IS LYDIA WITH THE MEETING, AND SO OBVIOUSLY RELUCTANT TO HAVE IT END, THAT THE MAYOR IS FORCED TO ASK PRESCOTT TO JOIN THEM. THE LAWYER AGREES.

AT THE BALL, THE MAYOR TRIES REPEATEDLY TO INGRATIATE HIMSELF TO THE GIRL, BUT FINDS HIS INTENTIONS POLITELY SPURNED BY THE ACTRESS WHO IS ONLY CONCERNED WITH ANDREW.

DESPERATELY, THE MAYOR INVITES HER TO STAY THE WEEKEND AS HIS GUEST (TO ALLOW HIM TIME TO WOO HER), BUT SHE REPLIES THAT SHE HAS PROMISED TO GO RIDING AND PICKNICKING WITH ANDREW.

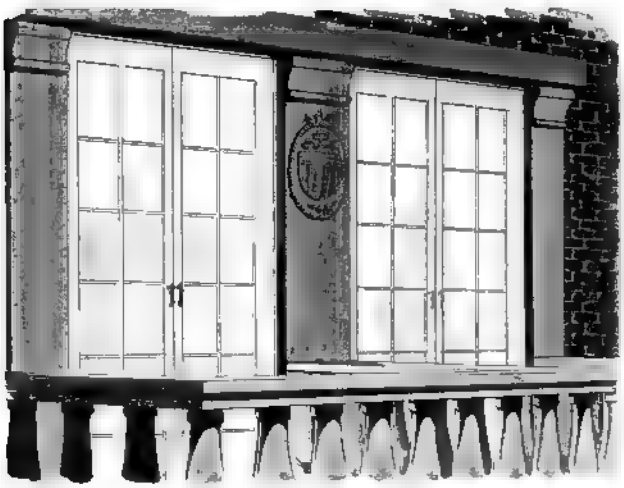
CONTROLLING HIS JEALOUS FURY, THE MAYOR EXTENDS THE INVITATION TO INCLUDE ANDREW WHO ACCEPTS READILY FOR HE DOES WISH TO SPEAK FURTHER WITH HIS BEAUTIFUL FRIEND, AND, TOO, IS ALSO ENJOYING IMMENSELY, THE MAYOR'S AGITATION.

UNKNOWN TO THEM, THEY ARE BEING WATCHED

MONSTROUSLY HUGE IN SIZE, DEVOID OF FACIAL BEAUTY, UNKEMPT AND GUTTER FILTHY, GRUNTING SOFTLY TO HIMSELF NOW AND AGAIN, THE EYES OF MOLOK-THE-BRUTE MISS NOTHING OF THE MAYOR'S ATTENTION TO THE RADIANT LYDIA.

AS THE GUESTS BEGIN LEAVING AND THE ACTRESS AND LAWYER ARE LED UPSTAIRS TO THEIR RESPECTIVE ROOMS, THE HUGE MAN SHAMBLES AWAY FROM THE WINDOW AND HIDES IN THE NEARBY TREES.

FROM THIS VANTAGE POINT HE SEES THE LAMPS ILLUMINATE THE UPSTAIRS BEDROOMS, AND THEN WATCHES AS THE MAN AND WOMAN BEGIN THEIR INDIVIDUAL PREPARATIONS FOR SLEEP.



QUIETLY, MOLOK MOVES TO THE TRELLIS LEADING TO THE BALCONY CONNECTING THE TWO BEDROOMS AND THERE HE CLIMBS UPWARD. WITH ANIMAL SILENCE HE GAINS THE BALCONY AND ENTERS THE GIRL'S BEDCHAMBER.

IN HIS ROOM, ANDREW PRESCOTT IS STUNNED TO HEAR THE SCREAMS PIERCING THE NIGHT. HE HESITATES IN DISBELIEF ONLY FOR A MOMENT THEN RUSHES TO THE BALCONY WHERE HE REALIZES THE SHRIEKS ARE FROM LYDIA'S ROOM!

LEAPING THE DIVIDER BETWEEN, HE BURSTS INTO THE NOW UNLIGHTED ROOM AND DIMLY SEES THE SHADOWY MONSTER LOOMING OVER THE BROKEN AND BLOODIED FORM OF THE ACTRESS!

To Andrew Prescott, more than just the crumpled and blood-spattered body of a dear friend lies dead in the moonlight; a dream only hours old has been shattered forever. In horror and blind rage, he attacks the fiend who lifts him easily and casts him aside.

Only semi-conscious from the impact against a wall, he is barely aware of the huge form escaping over the balcony, and hardly hears the pounding and the shouting of voices outside the locked door.

Aching, he struggles to his feet just as the servants break down the door. The mayor and other guests stride in, their lamps showing Prescott standing over the dead girl.

For the mayor, this opportunity is too good to resist. He orders his servants to sieze the lawyer who, still somewhat dazed, tries hopelessly to explain about the real murderer. The mayor only laughs at him.

The mayor cites the locked door, the nearness of the two rooms by way of the balcony, and even implies the actress was killed resisting the lawyer's advances. If Prescott wishes to have his fantastic tale believed, the mayor continues, he will have to use more than mere words...he will have to produce evidence!

Angry and struggling, Andrew is taken from the room and cast into a dungeon beneath the house where he is kept under guard for the remainder of the night. Through long, sleepless hours, his agony of frustration and remorse allows him not a moment's peace.

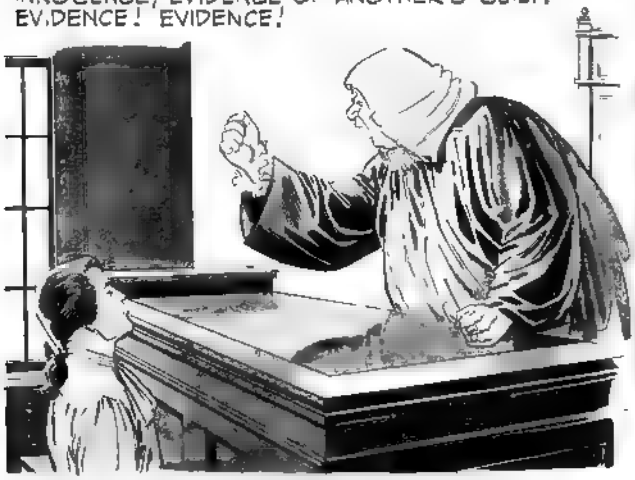
In the pale light of early morning he is roused and brought to the courthouse to stand trial. None of the villagers are there and with sinking heart he is suddenly aware that probably no one knows of his plight which, from the mayor's point of view, is very fortunate indeed.

Seated in the judge's chair, the mayor smugly permits Andrew the privilege of defending himself, yet Prescott's pleas to be given time to prepare his defense fall on deaf ears. The trial proceeds.

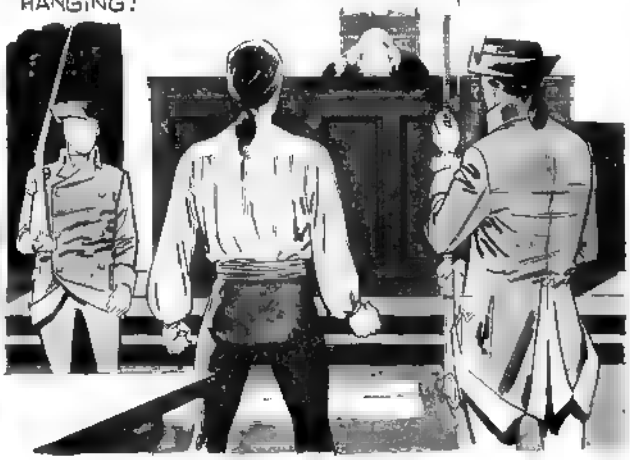
Glancing around the nearly empty courtroom, the lawyer recognizes the six-man jury as being the mayor's closest cronies, a group he had encountered in court many times in the past, a group who unfailingly rendered a verdict against him and who were only on the jury when the mayor himself had a stake in the case.

Called by the mayor, witness after witness comes forth, testifying in outrageous lies how they saw Prescott make improper advances at the ball, how they heard him vow to win the lady's affection, even heard him threaten her with violence unless she agreed to his will.

At every point where Prescott, consumed with fury and dejection, rises to object or defend himself, the mayor asks for evidence! Evidence of perjury, evidence of his innocence, evidence of another's guilt! Evidence! Evidence!



Glaring into the smirking eyes of the mayor, into the twittering, disinterested faces of the jury, Prescott knows his position is hopeless. The verdict is swift... guilty! and the punishment, death by flogging and hanging!



PRESCOTT KNOWS FROM PAST EXPERIENCE THAT NO TIME WILL BE WASTED IN CARRYING OUT THE SENTENCE. AS HE IS BEING LED AWAY TO THE EXECUTION DOCKET, THE TWISTED LAUGHTER FROM INSIDE THE COURTROOM MADDENS HIM TO THE POINT OF FRENZY! WITH BLUDGEONING FISTS HE OVERPOWERS THE DULL-WITTED GUARDS AND ESCAPES INTO THE WOODS!

SEVERAL NIGHTS PASS BEFORE PRESCOTT RETURNS FROM THE SAFETY OF THE FOREST AND CROSSES THE LAWN TO THE REAR OF THE MAYOR'S HOUSE.

KNEELING BY THE TRELLIS BENEATH THE BEDROOM WINDOWS, HE FINDS SEVERAL CLEAR AND UNMISTAKABLY HUGE FOOTPRINTS. MUTTERED CURSES RUMBLE IN HIS BREAST FOR HE NOW KNOWS THAT IF THE MAYOR HAD TAKEN BUT A MOMENT TO INVESTIGATE HE, PRESCOTT, WOULD NEVER HAVE BEEN BROUGHT TO TRIAL.

ENRAGED, HE STEALTHILY GAINS ENTRANCE TO THE HOUSE AND FINDS THE MAYOR IN HIS STUDY.

AT PISTOL-POINT, HE FORCES THE QUIVERING MAYOR TO ACCOMPANY HIM TO THE COURTHOUSE. UPON ENTERING, THE MAYOR ALL BUT COLLAPSES, FOR IN THE JURY BOX, BOUND AND GAGGED, ARE HIS SIX COHORTS!

TREMBLING VIOLENTLY, STAMMERING APOLOGIES, WITH BEADS OF SWEAT DANCING ON HIS BROW, THE PANICKY MAYOR IS THRUST HEAVILY INTO HIS SEAT ON THE BENCH AND SECURELY TIED AND GAGGED.

IN PROPER LAWYER FASHION, PRESCOTT THEN BEGINS HIS ADDRESS. HE ASSAILS THEM FOR THE MOCKERY THEY MAKE OF JUSTICE, AND THEIR PARASITIC WAY OF LIFE, AND HE ENUMERATES THE SOCIAL CRIMES THEY HAVE COMMITTED AGAINST THEIR FELLOW TOWNSMEN IN THEIR GREED FOR POWER AND POSITION.

HE REMINDS THEM OF ONE INJUSTICE IN PARTICULAR, ONE OF PRESCOTT'S FIRST CASES IN BRUDENHEIM, A CASE HE HAD ALMOST FORGOTTEN CONCERNING A MAN CALLED MOLOK WHO THIS SAME GROUP HAD FOUND GUILTY OF MURDERING A YOUNG GIRL. AND MOLOK'S ONLY DEFENSE WAS THAT HE WAS INNOCENT AND ONLY GUILTY OF SEEING THE MAYOR HIMSELF COMMIT THE DEED.

MOLOK-THE-BRUTE THEY HAD CALLED HIM THEN. NOW, AFTER MANY YEARS IN A NIGHTMARISH PRISON FROM WHICH HE HAD RECENTLY ESCAPED, THEY MIGHT BETTER CALL HIM MOLOK-THE-MADMAN, WHO LIVES ONLY FOR REVENGE! THINKING THE ACTRESS IMPORTANT TO THE MAYOR, MOLOK HAD KILLED HER!

FOR PRESCOTT TO REST HIS CASE AND TO ESTABLISH HIS OWN INNOCENCE, THE COURT MUST NOW AT LONG LAST "PERMIT" HIM TO PRESENT HIS EVIDENCE! SO SAYING, HE OPENS THE DOOR AND USHERS THE LUSTING, EAGER MOLOK INTO THEIR PRESENCE! STIFLED MOANS, CRYING AND MUFFLED SHRIEKS OF TERROR FROM THE SEVEN CAPTIVES ONLY INCITE THE MONSTER AS HE LUMBERS TOWARD THEM.

WITH A GRIM SIGH OF FINALITY, THE LAWYER STEPS FROM THE ROOM, CLOSES AND LOCKS THE DOOR AND THROWS AWAY THE KEY. CROSSING THE MOONLIT FIELD BEHIND THE COURTHOUSE, HE DOESN'T EVEN TURN HIS HEAD AT THE SOUNDS OF VIOLENT SCREAMS AND THUNDEROUS CARNAGE AS HE MAKES HIS WAY TO THE SEA AND A WAITING BOAT.

HEEHEE! OH, REVENGE CAN BE SO ***SWEET!*** PRESCOTT'S WORDS MAY HAVE MADE THEM FEEL SORRY FOR THEIR MISDEEDS, BUT I CAN ***GUARANTEE*** THAT WHEN MOLOK FINISHED WITH THEM, THEY ***REALLY*** FELT BAD! IN FACT, THEY WERE ALL ***BROKE-UP*** ABOUT IT! LIKE THEY SAY, FIENDS, ACTIONS SPEAK LOUDER THAN WORDS! HEEHEEHEEHEE!

ART BY STEVE DITKO/SCRIPT BY ARCHIE GOODWIN

NO, NOT YOU... LOUSY FLY!
YEAH, YEAH. I BEEN FOLLOWIN' THE PAPERS... I GAVE YOU YOUR MONEY'S WORTH, RIGHT? DON'T WORRY THEY'RE NOT GONNA BE ABLE TO IDENTIFY ME, LET ALONE MAKE ANY CONNECTIONS TO YOU...
POLICE SEEK SLAYER OF KEY WITNESS

THAT'S RIGHT. DOC DID THE OPERATION, SEEMED TO GO PRETTY WELL... HE'S SUPPOSED TO BE OVER TODAY TO CHANGE THE BANDAGES AN' HAVE A LOOK...

THERE'S THE DOOR... MUST BE HIM NOW. SO DON'T SWEAT IT... ONCE THESE BANDAGES ARE OFF, WE'RE BOTH IN THE CLEAR!

ABOUT TIME, DOC! THIS GAUZE IS REALLY STARTIN' TO SMELL... I'M EVEN ATTRACTIN' FLIES!
YOU KNOW IF I COME TOO OFTEN, SOMEONE'S BOUND TO TUMBLE... SIT DOWN, LET ME TAKE A LOOK...

YOU GOT TO ME JUST IN TIME YOUR PICTURE'S PLASTERED ALL OVER THE PAPERS... EVERYONE'S UP IN ARMS! YOUR HIT WAS WELL THOUGHT OF... NEVER HARMED A FLY... NO ONE LIKES TO SEE A GUY LIKE THAT KNOCKED OFF!
LOOK, MAN I DIDN'T TELL YOU HOW TO HANDLE THIS OPERATION, DON'T YOU GIVE ME ADVICE ON MY RACKET...

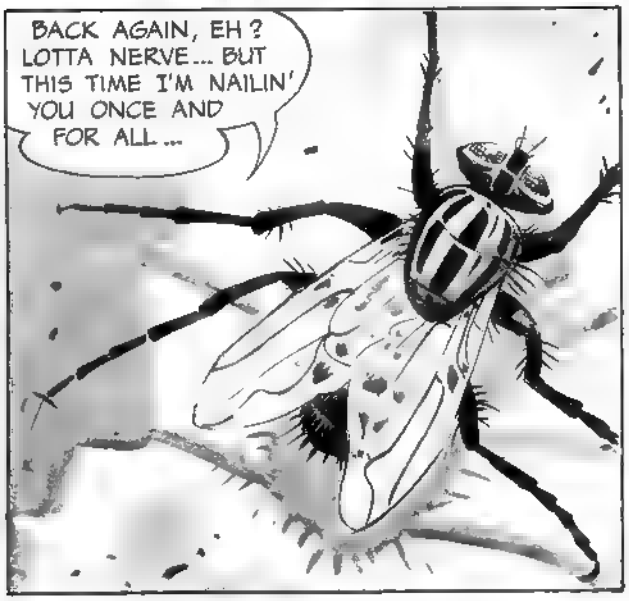
WELL...?
DOESN'T LOOK AS GOOD AS IT SHOULD! HEALING VERY SLOWLY... I'VE GOT SOME STUFF HERE I'D BETTER PUT ON IT...

YAAGHHHHH!!
@%$%&*#!!

WHAT'S WRONG? WHAT HAPPENED?
THAT #@$¢!% FLY! GOT ON MY FACE! I THINK IT BIT ME...

RELAX, IT'S ONLY A HOUSE FLY... THAT STUFF I PUT ON WILL TAKE CARE OF YOU. I'LL EVEN THROW IN A SEDATIVE TO HELP YOU RELAX...

...IT'LL HIT YOU FAST, YOU'LL BE ASLEEP IN NO TIME!
SLEEP? WHO CAN SLEEP WITH THAT@!#* FLY ALWAYS BUZZIN' AROUND!

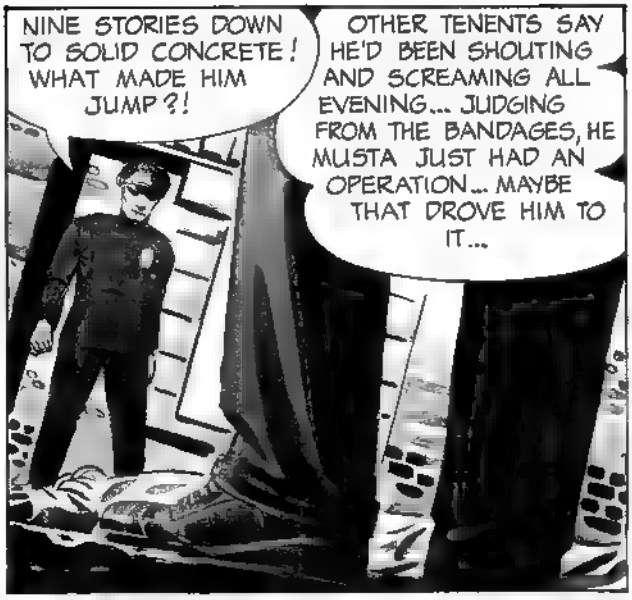

BACK AGAIN, EH? LOTTA NERVE... BUT THIS TIME I'M NAILIN' YOU ONCE AND FOR ALL...

...FLATTER'N THAT WITNESS I CROAKED!
WHAP!

MAYBE NOW I CAN HAVE A LITTLE PEACE...
BZZZZZZZTT
WHAT TH--- IT COULDN'T BE BACK! I KILLED IT, I KNOW I DID...
MY FACE! FEELS FUNNY.. HURTS!
BZZZZ
OH, GOD, PAINS GETTIN' WORSE... THROBBIN'! IF ONLY THAT @!!M☆☼#!! NOISE WOULD STOP... WHERE IS HE? WHERE'S THAT M☆☼!!@ FLY?
BZZZZ
...CAN'T STAND IT... SUMPTHIN'S WRONG! GOTTA SEE... FLY SOUNDS SO CLOSE...
BZZZZT
...HEAD FEELS LIKE IT'LL BREAK OUT OF THESE BANDAGES IF I DON'T GET THEM OFF... WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME? WHAT'S WR---
GNYAHHHHHH!!!

IT CAN'T BE! THIS COULDN'T HAPPEN TO ME! IT JUST COU-- THAT SHADOW!
KA-WHOM!!
S-SOMEONE'S TRYIN' TO KILL ME... AFTER ME LIKE I'M A... A... FLY!
CAN'T KEEP THIS UP... SOONER OR LATER IT'S GOING TO GET ME...
BA-DUUMM!
...GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE... GOT TO GET OUT!!
KER-RASH!

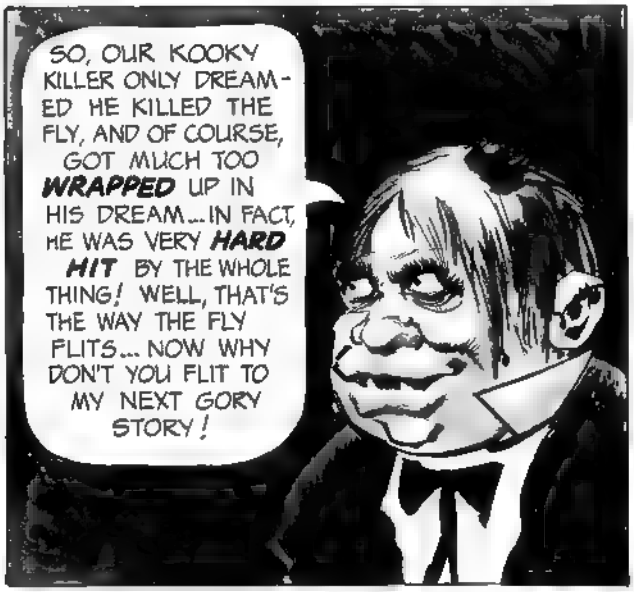
EEEEEEE!


NINE STORIES DOWN TO SOLID CONCRETE! WHAT MADE HIM JUMP?!
OTHER TENENTS SAY HE'D BEEN SHOUTING AND SCREAMING ALL EVENING... JUDGING FROM THE BANDAGES, HE MUSTA JUST HAD AN OPERATION... MAYBE THAT DROVE HIM TO IT...

NOT A PRETTY SIGHT... IMPACT SQUASHED HIM LIKE A FLY!
FUNNY YOU SHOULD SAY THAT...

LOOK AT THIS... HE MUSTA BEEN TEARIN' AT THE BANDAGES AS HE FELL...

...FLY WAS LODGED IN HIS EAR, TRAPPED BY THE BANDAGE... BET IT'S BUZZING WAS NEARLY ENOUGH TO DRIVE HIM TO JUMP!

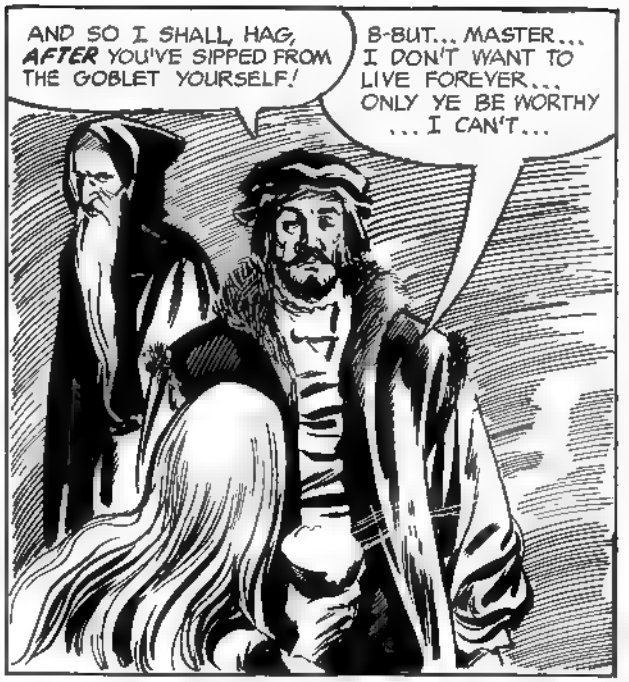

SO, OUR KOOKY KILLER ONLY DREAMED HE KILLED THE FLY, AND OF COURSE, GOT MUCH TOO WRAPPED UP IN HIS DREAM... IN FACT, HE WAS VERY HARD HIT BY THE WHOLE THING! WELL, THAT'S THE WAY THE FLY FLITS... NOW WHY DON'T YOU FLIT TO MY NEXT GORY STORY!

AH, THERE, ***DEMONIAC DEVOTEES***, LIGHT UP A CANDLE AND DESCEND WITH ME INTO THE DARKER DEPTHS OF MAN'S DESIRES WHERE WE'LL MEET A RATHER UNPLEASANT FELLOW BUSILY (AND BRUTALLY) ENGAGED IN ...

THE QUEST!

THERE WAS IN 15TH CENTURY EUROPE A CERTAIN BARON VON STROM, WHOSE POWER AND WEALTH WERE LEGEND. TO GAIN ALL THIS HAD TAKEN TIME, AND TIME IN TURN HAD TAKEN ITS TOLL ... A TOLL WHICH, WITH EACH PASSING YEAR, THE BARON GREW MORE AND MORE RELUCTANT TO PAY, UNTIL AT LAST ALL HIS POWER AND ALL HIS WEALTH WERE CHANNELED TO ONE PURPOSE ONLY... PREVENTING THE COLLECTION OF TIME'S FINAL PAYMENT...

ART BY DONALD NORMAN, SCRIPT BY ARCHIE GOODWIN

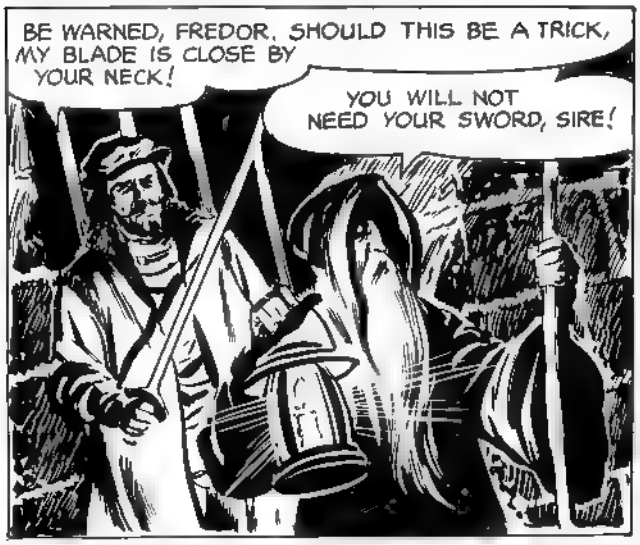


SO IT WENT FOR YEARS, EACH FAILURE AND DECEIT ONLY ADDING TO A GROWING OBSESSION...

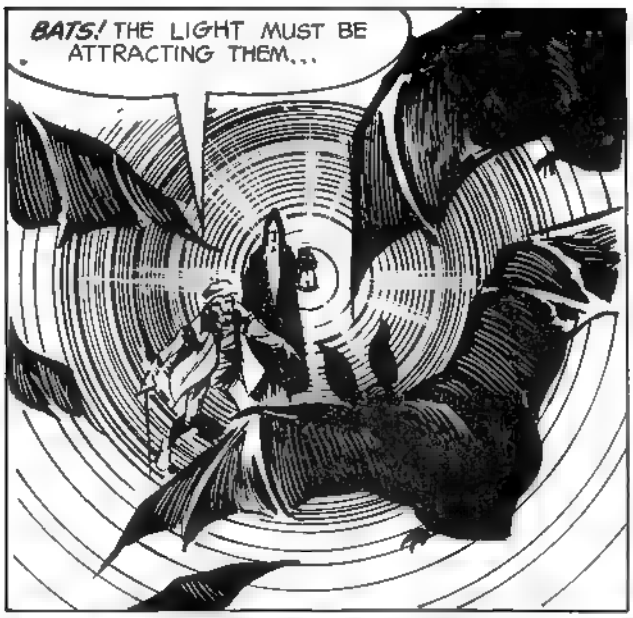
DEJECTED AND WEARY, THE OLD MAN MADE HIS WAY OUT OF THE CASTLE INTO THE FADING TWILIGHT AND THE BARREN SQUALOR THAT WAS THE DYING VILLAGE...

WAS... WAS IT... THE PLAGUE?
NO FREDOR, THERE ARE SO MANY WAYS FOR THE POOR TO DIE IN TIMES LIKE THESE... BEST IF YOU DON'T DWELL ON IT!
FREDOR BENT CLOSE TO THE ONCE BEAUTIFUL FORM BEFORE HIM, NOW COLD AND PALE, GENTLY HE STROKED THE SOFT BLACK HAIR, SMOOTHING THE LONG STRANDS AWAY FROM THE SLENDER WHITE NECK... FOR A MOMENT, HE CHOKED BACK A SOB...
...THEN COLLAPSED IN A TORRENT OF EMOTION...
THE BARON! IF ONLY HE'D DONE SOMETHING BEFORE NOW... THIS WOULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED ...IF ONLY HE'D ACTED... IF... IF...
YOU WILL BE ABLE TO TAKE CARE OF A PROPER BURIAL?
Y-YES... BUT, FREDOR... YOUR OWN DAUGHTER... WHY WON'T YOU BE THERE?
I MUST BRING THE SECRET OF ETERNAL LIFE TO BARON VON STROM!

WITH GRIM DETERMINATION, THE OLD MAN LED THE BARON INTO THE MIST-ENSHROUDED NIGHT...



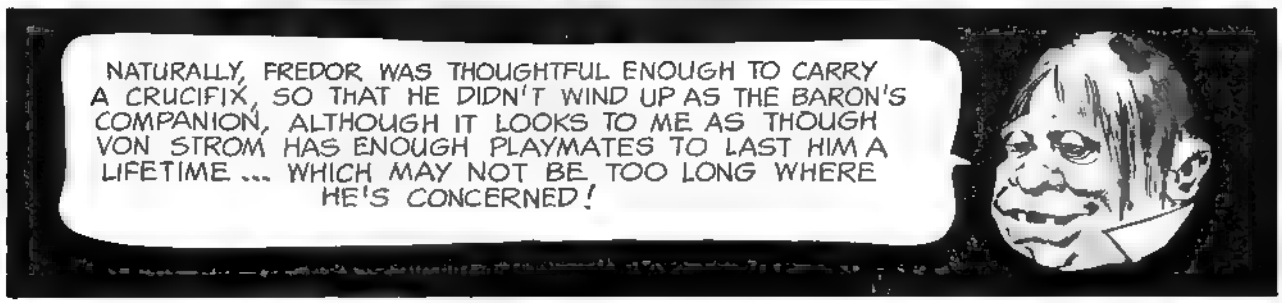
BATHED IN THE FAINT PROTECTIVE GLOW OF FREDOR'S LANTERN, THE TWO FIGURES PIERCED THE NIGHT'S TERRIBLE BLACKNESS, UNTIL AT LENGTH THE OLD MAN HALTED..


BATS! THE LIGHT MUST BE ATTRACTING THEM...

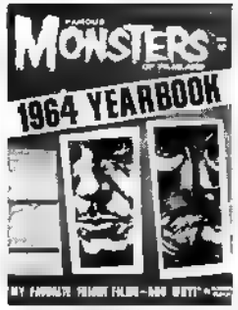
...WAIT! THEY...THEY'RE CHANGING... THEY'RE NOT BATS AT ALL...THEY'RE...

...VAMPIRES!!!

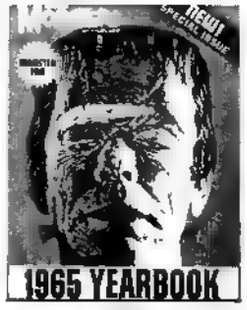
YES, SIRE! AND AS THEY KILLED MY DAUGHTER SO SHALL THEY SLAY YOU! BUT NEVER FEAR...I'VE KEPT MY WORD. YOU'LL HAVE ETERNAL LIFE...THE ETERNAL LIFE OF THE UN-DEAD! THE FATE OF THE DAMNED...UNTIL SOMEONE DRIVES A STAKE IN YOUR HEART AS WAS DRIVEN IN MY DAUGHTER'S!


NATURALLY, FREDOR WAS THOUGHTFUL ENOUGH TO CARRY A CRUCIFIX, SO THAT HE DIDN'T WIND UP AS THE BARON'S COMPANION, ALTHOUGH IT LOOKS TO ME AS THOUGH VON STROM HAS ENOUGH PLAYMATES TO LAST HIM A LIFETIME ... WHICH MAY NOT BE TOO LONG WHERE HE'S CONCERNED!

1963
YEARBOOK



1964
YEARBOOK



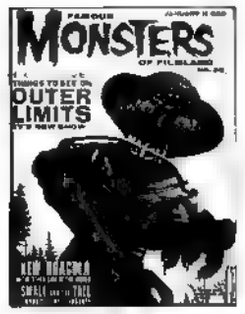
1965
YEARBOOK

1966
YEARBOOK

#18 MAKE-UP
CONTEST WINNERS

#19 SPECIAL
SUMMER ISSUE

#23
SON OF KONG



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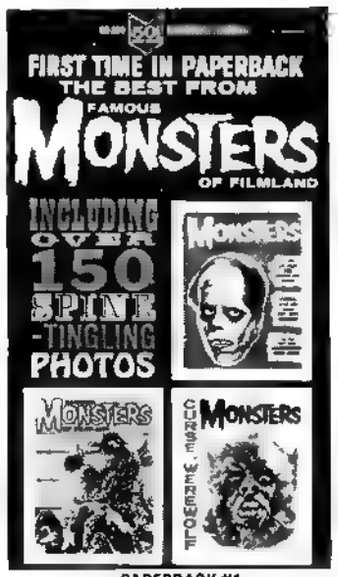

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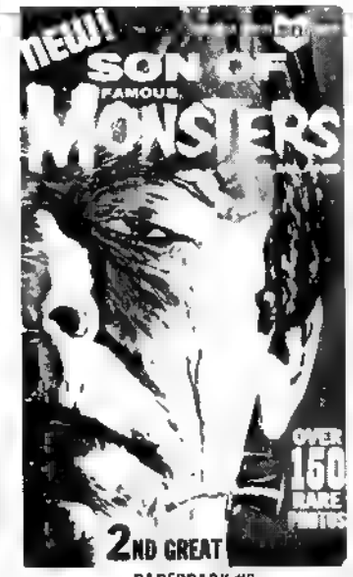

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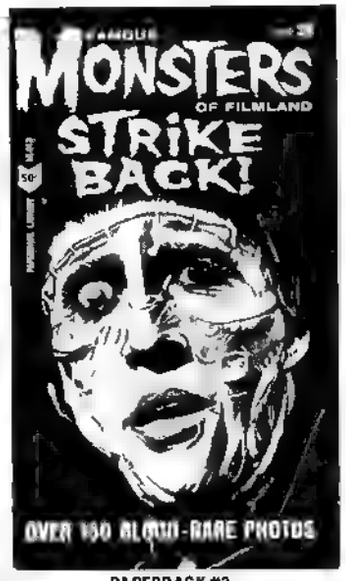

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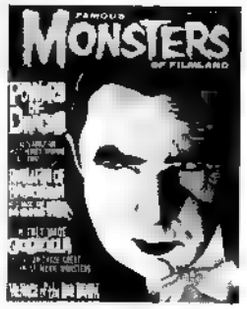
#29
CHRISTOPHER LEE



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OF DRACULA

#31 SPECIAL
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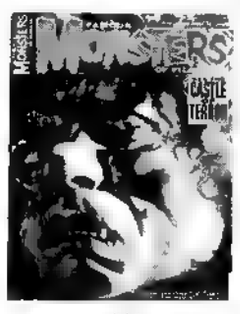

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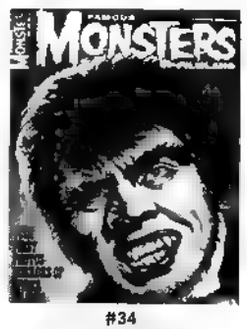

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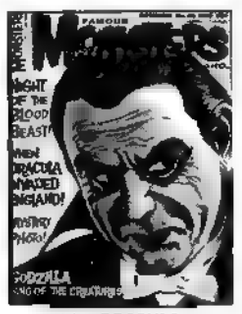

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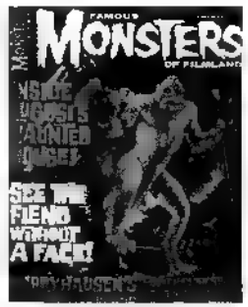

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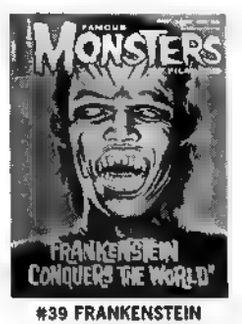
OF THE DEMON



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ART BY JERRY GRANDENETTI/SCRIPT BY ARCHIE GOODWIN

YOU BET THERE IS! THIS IS EDITH... I DRAGGED HER ALL THE WAY UP FROM THE CITY TO VISIT THE OL' HOMESTEAD. SHE'S MY FIANCE'! NOW QUIT PLAYING DRACULA AND LET US IN!

YOU BROUGHT A GIRL... HERE?

FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE SHE AND JIM HAD IMPULSIVELY MADE THE DRIVE, EDITH FELT REGRET. BEING INSIDE THE HOUSE DID NOTHING TO RELIEVE THE CHILL SHE FELT, A CHILL BEYOND THE RAIN'S COLD STING..

THAT'S RIGHT, UNCLE BEN! LITTLE JIMMY'S GOING OUT WITH GIRLS NOW... DON'T LET THE SOUR COUNTENANCE FOOL YOU, EDITH, HE'S REALLY A PRETTY LIKABLE OLD COOT!

I'LL RUN THE LUGGAGE UP TO THE ROOMS, GIVE YOU TWO A CHANCE TO GET ACQUAINTED!

MR. HOLLOWAY, I'M REALLY QUITE SORRY TO INTRUDE LIKE THIS ...I WANTED JIM TO LET YOU KNOW AHEAD, BUT HE WOULDN'T HEAR OF IT...

WOULDN'T HAVE MADE ANY DIFFERENCE. THERE'S PLACES I FIGURE NO WOMAN BELONGS... THIS HOUSE IS ONE OF THEM!

IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU, MISSY, YOU'LL RUN OUTSIDE TO THAT CAR AND LEAVE HERE JUST AS FAST AS YOU POSSIBLY CAN!

THERE! THAT'S OUT OF THE WAY! NOTHING TO DO NOW, BUT RELAX AND ENJOY OURSELVES! RIGHT?

THE EVENING MOVED AT AN AGONIZING SNAIL'S PACE FOR EDITH, TORTURED BY THE MENACING SILENCE OF UNCLE BEN, YET UNABLE TO SPOIL THINGS FOR JIM BY MENTIONING IT. BACK IN THE CITY SHE'D BE ABLE TO TALK WITH HIM, BUT HERE IN THIS HOUSE, SHE FELT HELPLESS, ISOLATED, REMOVED.
I THINK I'M READY TO CALL IT A NIGHT. HOW 'BOUT THE REST OF YOU?
YOUR ROOM'S AT THE HEAD OF THE STAIRS, DARLING. YOU'LL NEED THE LAMP... STORM'S PUT THE ELECTRICITY ON THE BLINK...
WITH A KISS, JIM LEFT HER, AND EDITH STARTED SLOWLY UP THE SHADOW-ENSHROUDED STAIRS, THEN STOPPED. AHEAD OF THE LAMP'S GLOW WAS THE PITCH-BLACK LANDING.. ..SOMETHING ABOUT IT MADE HER HESITATE...
WHO...
I-IS SOMEONE UP THERE? PLEASE... WHO'S THERE? WHO...
EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE
EDITH! DARLING... WHAT'S WRONG?
OH, JIM... THE LANDING ...SOMETHING H-HORRIBLE WAS ON IT...

FOR A TIME, TERRIFYING THOUGHTS KEYED HER NERVES, KEPT HER ON EDGE...BUT AT LAST THE TERROR OF HER SURROUNDINGS FLED, HER EYES GREW HEAVY...THEN, THERE WAS A SLIGHT SOUND AT THE DOOR...

EDITH COULD NOT MOVE, COULD NOT SCREAM, ONLY CLENCH HER EYES TIGHTLY SHUT... AFTER LONG HEART-POUNDING MOMENTS, SHE REOPENED THEM...
GONE! AS THOUGH SHE WERE NEVER THERE... BUT I SAW IT! I'M SURE I DID...
SHE SEEMED TO BE POINTING THIS TIME... THIS DIRECTION...TOWARD THE WINDOW...

THERE'S SOMEONE OUT THERE ...DIGGING UP THE SHRUBBERY
...UNCLE BEN! THAT HOLE HE'S DIGGING... SO LARGE...NEARLY THE SIZE OF A...A...

THE OLD MAN STOPPED DIGGING, STARING DOWN AT WHAT HE'D UNCOVERED, HIS FACE IN THE YELLOW LANTERN GLOW, A MIXED MASK OF REVULSION AND RELIEF...
...GRAVE!

EVEN FROM THE WINDOW, WITH THE NEXT FLASH OF LIGHTNING, EDITH COULD SEE THE LOATHESOME THING THAT HELD UNCLE BEN'S GAZE.. SHE COULD SEE IT IN ALL DETAIL, DOWN TO THE LONG STRANDS OF BLONDE HAIR STILL CLINGING TO THE DECAYING SKULL!
THE BODY OF THE APPARITION I'VE BEEN SEEING...SHE'S BEEN TRYING TO TELL ME...WARN ME...

THE SHEER HORROR OF PREVIOUS EVENTS MINGLED WITH THE DRIVING WHIRL OF HER OWN TERRIBLE THOUGHTS, ALL BURST FORTH IN ONE LONG CULMINATING SCREAM...
...EASILY HEARD, EVEN OUTSIDE ABOVE THE SWEEPING LASH OF THE STORM...
EDITH TURNED FROM THE WINDOW, ONE THOUGHT IN HER MIND: RUN! FIND JIM! BUT EVEN AS SHE THOUGHT IT, EVEN AS HER MOUTH FLEW OPEN TO SCREAM, TERROR CLAIMED HER...HER KNEES BUCKLED AND SHE SANK DIZZILY INTO OBLIVION...
SLOWLY, LITTLE BY LITTLE CONSCIOUSNESS RETURNED...
...GOT TO... RUN... GET JIM... GOT TO...

BLA
BLAM!
KA-BLAM!
NOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
I-I COULDN'T LET HIM DO IT... NOT THIS TIME...NOT AGAIN! I TRIED TO COVER UP WITH THE FIRST ONE...THE BLONDE...
...ONCE SHE WAS BURIED, HE SEEMED TO FORGET. I THOUGHT I COULD CONTROL HIM AFTER THAT. AWAY FROM HERE, HE WAS FINE. ONLY WHEN HE'D GET SERIOUS, BRING A GIRL HOME, DID IT START TO AFFECT HIM!..
EVEN SO, I ALMOST FAILED TONIGHT... MY SHOTS WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN IN TIME IF HE HADN'T SLIPPED...
...SLIPPED ON SOMETHING IN THE DOORWAY...
...A...A BLOODSTAIN!
HEH, HEH, ALWAYS NICE TO SEE A CUT-UP LIKE JIM FINALLY SLIP UP...BUT THEN, NOBODY AXED ME!

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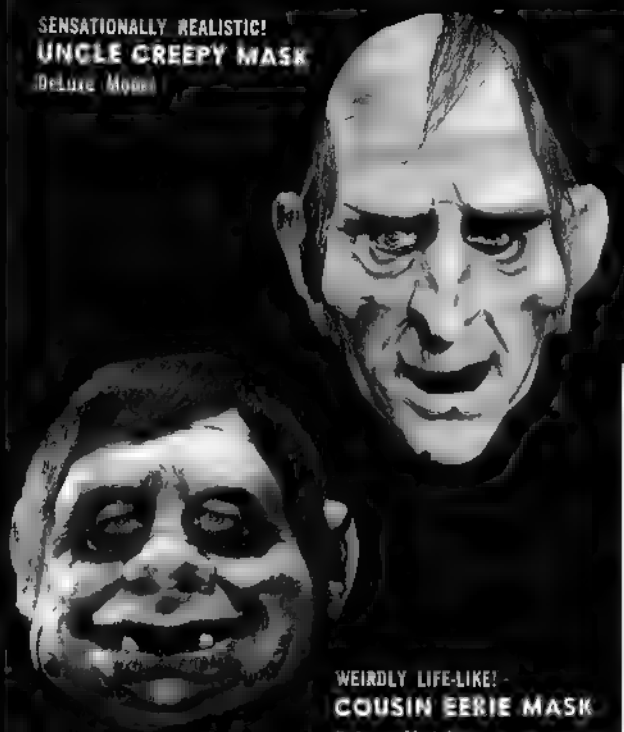

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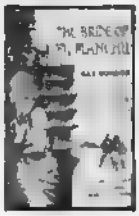

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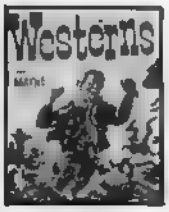

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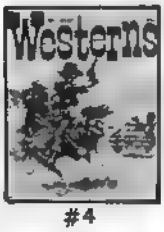

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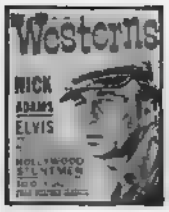

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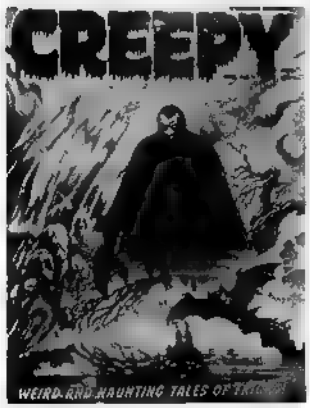

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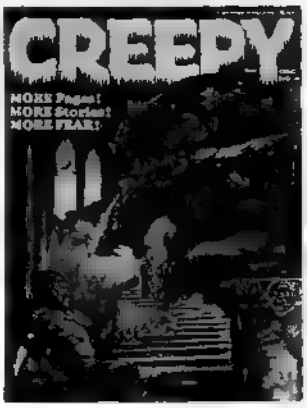

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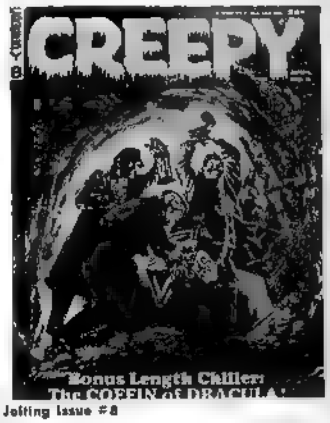

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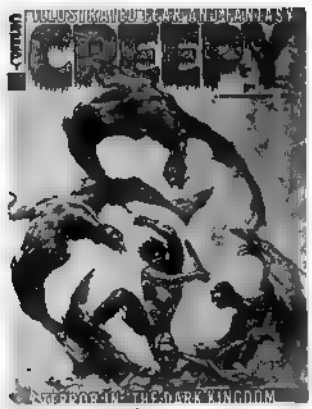

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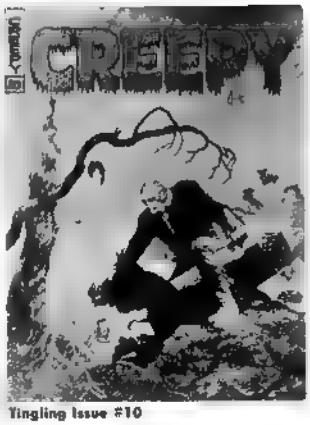

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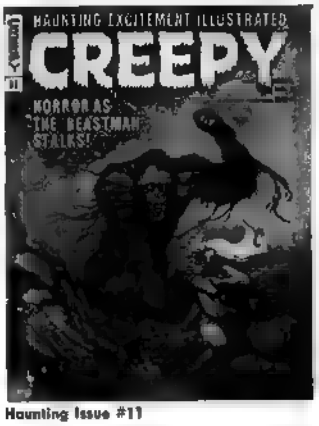

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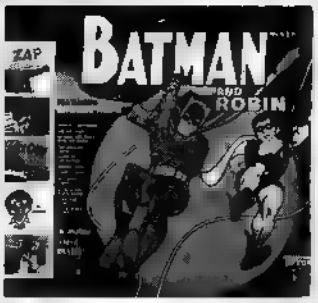

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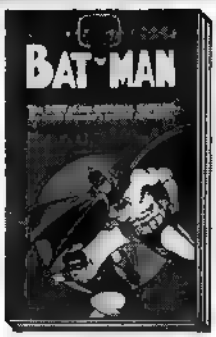

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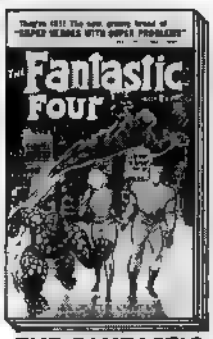

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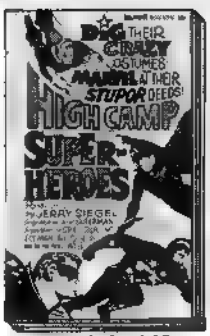

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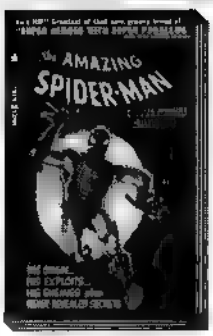

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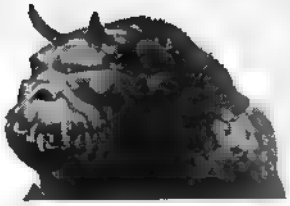

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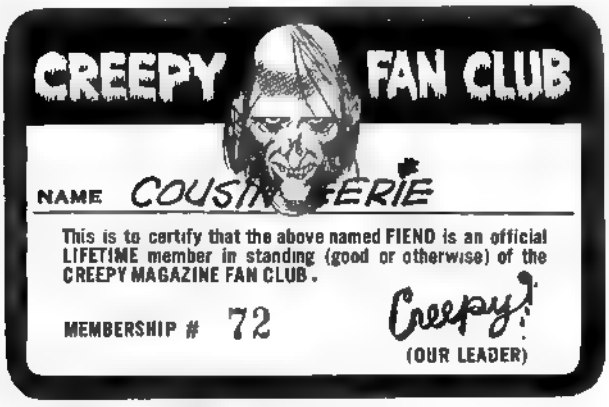

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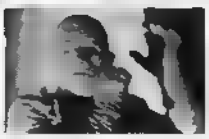

THE MUMMY'S TOMB

DON'T EVER sneak into a Mummy's Tomb. If you do, you may be in for the same revenge as in this movie. A centuries-old mummy starts out to avenge the opening of his crypt in Egypt. How he does his dirty work, and the chills involved, make THE MUMMY'S TOMB a far-from-dreary, excitingly eerie film. 8mm, 200 feet, $5.95

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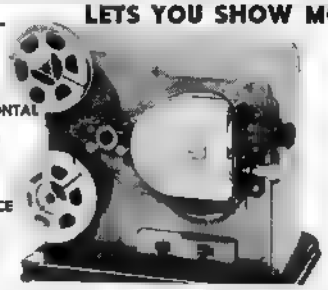

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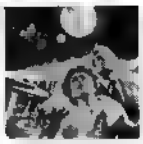

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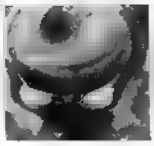

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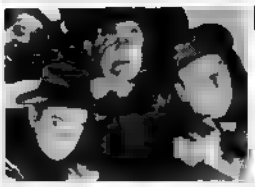

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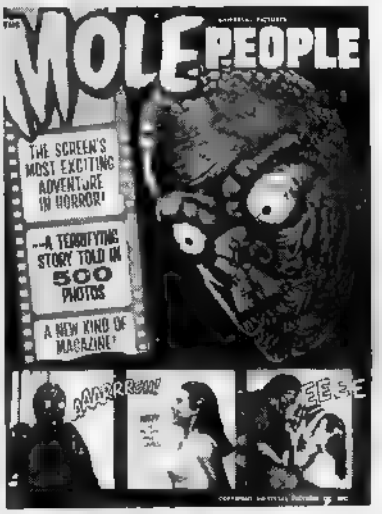

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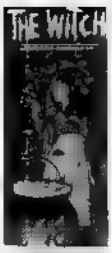

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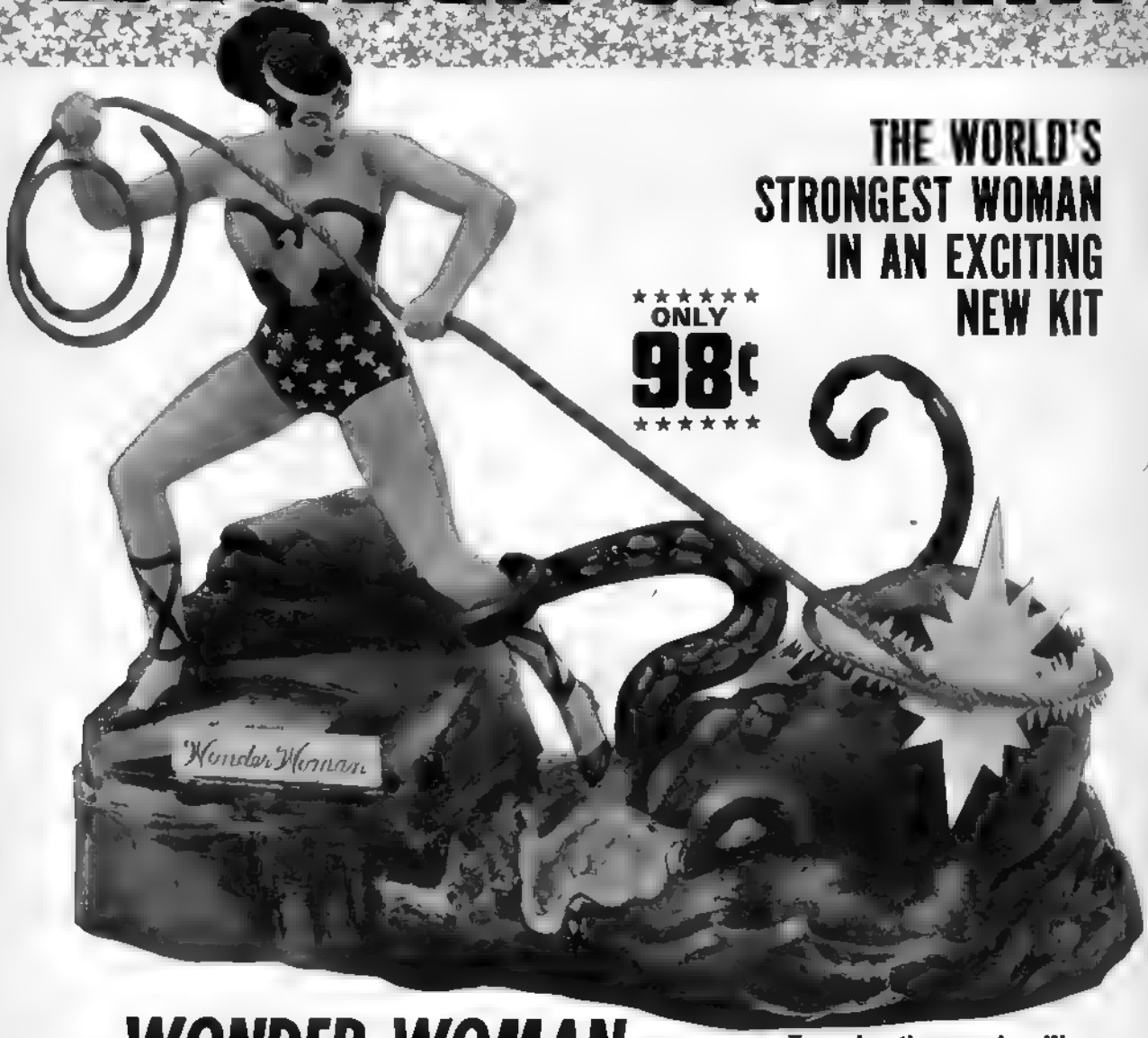

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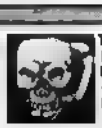

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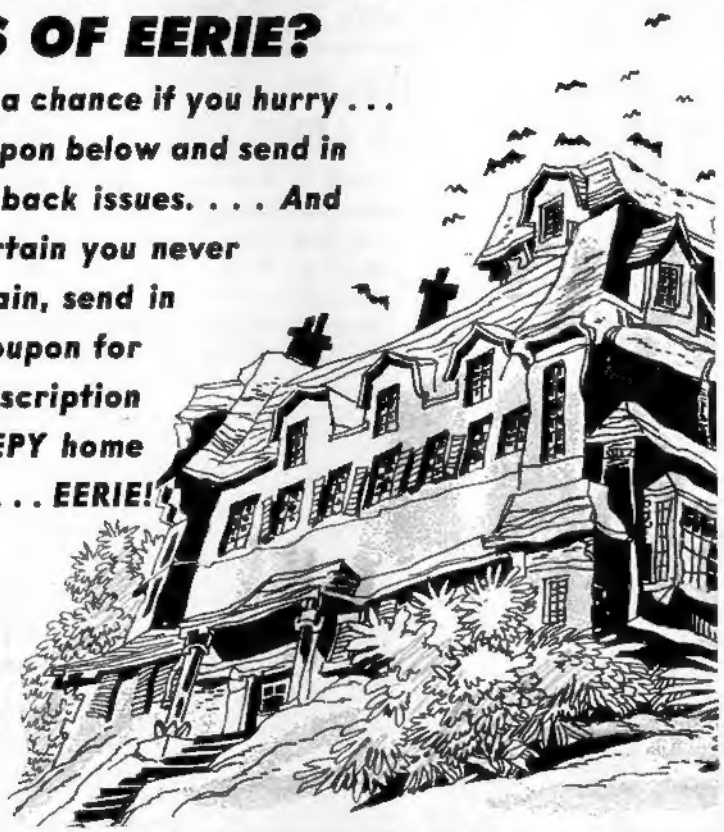

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The Batman (Lewis Wilson), and his young assistant, Robin, the Boy Wonder (Douglas Croft), hit on the trail of an enemy sabotage ring, when Bruce's girl friend, Linda (Shirley Patterson), asks the pair to help her free her uncle, Martin Warren (Gus Glassmire), from the clutches of the ring. The Batman learns that the ring plans to steal the city's radium supply from the city hospital, and hurries there to prevent the theft. A terrific fight ensues, and the attempted robbery is thwarted. However, during the battle, the Batman is forced to the roof, and staggered by the rain of blows poured on him, is finally sent reeling over the ledge into space!

CHAPTER 2—The Bat Cave

The Batman lands unhurt on a painter's scaffolding, and returning to the roof, captures one of the gangsters with Robin's aid. Back at the Batman's hideout, the Bat Cave, the gangster reveals that a Dr. Daka (J. Carrol Naish) directs the ring from the House of the Open Door. Disguised, the Batman and Robin visit the Open Door, and discover Linda a prisoner there. Hooking ropes over electric cables suspended between buildings, the Batman and Robin climb to the room where she is imprisoned and overcome a number of the mobsters. Then carrying the unconscious Linda, the Batman slowly makes his way back over the cables. One of the gangsters breaks a wire and touches the raw end against the cables. Sparks and flames engulf the pair. Suddenly the Batman loses his balance and he and Linda plunge into space!

CHAPTER 3—The Living Corpse

The Batman leaps from the car as it plunges over the cliff. At home, an assignment from Washington awaits him. He is to protect the new Lockwood airplane motor. Two of the Lockwood men are abducted by Daka and transformed into Zombies. Just before a test flight, the Batman secrets himself in the plane. No sooner is he hidden, than the new Zombies enter the plane dressed in pilots' clothes. Following Daka's radio directions, the Zombies take the plane into the air. Suddenly the doctor sees the Batman on his television screen and orders the Zombies to attack. Out of control, the plane attracts attention and suffers a direct hit, and crashes to earth!

CHAPTER 4—Poison Peril

The Zombies are killed in the crack-up, but the Batman miraculously escapes injury. Back in tow, Colton, (Charles Middleton), an old friend of Linda's uncle, is searching for him. He has discovered a radium mine. Daka learns of Colton's mine and attempts to lure him to an old smelter, in order to force him to reveal the mine's location. The Batman learns of Daka's ruse, and takes Colton's place at the rendezvous. He and Robin attack the gangster and a battle royal follows. In the melee, an acid vat is tipped over, and a stream of acid hits an exposed high-tension wire. There is a blinding flash. Debris and timber fall, burying the Batman!

CHAPTER 5—Executioner Strikes

Robin raises the trap-door and pulls his pal to safety. Linda, now a Zombie, writes a note to the Batman asking him to meet her at an isolated building. Though suspecting a ruse, the Batman goes there. Daka's men overpower him and pack him into a crate. The crate is then tossed into a cave of ravenous alligators. It crashes down on the beasts sending them into frenzied attack!

CHAPTER 6—Doom of the Rising Sun

Robin comes to the Batman's rescue. He knocks out one of the gangsters and frees his fighting friend. The pair crash into Daka's inner sanctum, and after a terrific battle, overpower Daka and his men. The Batman orders the doctor to return Linda and her uncle from their Zombie state to normality. After doing this, Daka, makes a break for freedom, and is accidentally plunged into the alligator pit. As the police arrive to take the gang into custody, the Batman and Robin disappear—their work, for the present, is done!

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